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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1910.

Scant Insurgent Comfort There.

Progressive politics, as represented by party insurgency, may be making headway in Illinois, but the fact is not evidenced by the results of Thursday's primaries—at least, not as the results are analyzed at this distance.

Three out of twenty-five Republican candidates for Congress are full-fledged insurgents of the Victor Murdock variety; the others of the regular persuasion, or Cannon Republicans.

Uncle Joe is renominated, of course, by a abundant vote.

Only a short seven days ago Theodore Roosevelt was administering that rebuke and sounding his New Nationalism slogans on the Illinois hustings, too.

If there be any real glory to the insurgents in encompassing the defeat, which is about all they accomplished, of Henry Sherman Boutell, as clean and capable a Congressman as ever came out of Chicago, it is difficult for us to discern wherein it lies.

But if progressive politics, so-called, made no significant headway in the Congressional primary, decent politics received an actual setback in the legislative contests. That "jack pot" compact entered into between Republican and Democratic solons to send William Lorimer to the United States Senate received a distinct inroad in the renomination of the majority of all the participants in the corrupt and iniquitous deal.

Perhaps it might not have happened if our great Lion Tamer had not so courageously and ostentatiously refused to sit at meat with Billy the Boss.

Unable to fathom it, we leave it to the political uplifters of the land.

Illinois always was beyond us in things of this sort, anyway.

Dear Girls.

The National Association of Milliners, in session in New York, has decided that somewhere in this country must be established a college of millinery. It is to work along educational lines, in the hope of making the American woman understand that she is not so well dressed as she might be. It proposes to have courses in dressing, in wearing hats and shoes and hair, that shall teach the American girl that there is something in individuality, and that it is not being smartly, or even correctly, dressed to trail along, often with exaggerations, after the Parisian or English fashions.

We trust that the college of millinery has come in time. There has been a lot of false education in the matter of dress, which the American woman has got to unlearn, and it will be a difficult task, but the college may do it. It has, for instance, the hobble skirt as a horrible example of what the dear girls should avoid; that uncomfortable skirt, baggy at the knees and looped around the ankles, that makes the average wearer of it look as if she were entered in a sack race. It has no excuse for being, save ignorance on the part of its wearers, and one or two lessons at the college should suffice for any girl not in the Newport set.

A course in hairdressing would be hailed by a wondering world with rapt delight, if it would only serve to explain where the dear girls get all the hair. Madge, who for years has had a wisp no bigger than that on the end of a cow's tail, a remnant of hair that might more properly be described as a "hank," blossoms out suddenly with a coiffure that makes the headpiece of Good Queen Bess look like thirty cents. Never was her hair known to curl, especially in damp weather, but nowadays it puffs and waves, and drops in flowing ringlets, and—sometimes it nearly matches that which originally grew on the scalp. No one really objects to the dear girls wearing Chinese or Mongolian hair, if they want to, but that is not the worst of it. When once they get the puff habit and adorn their skulls with rats, switches, puffs, false braids, and some fool things made of wire, over which they build the hair, monstrously, they have to get larger hats to fit on it. Out of the one evil grows two. Certainly the College of Millinery can do something to correct this.

Surely there is room for such an institution! It can teach the dear girls how much peek-a-boo to a shirt waist is proper; how high a bathing suit should be cut, and how low an evening gown. It can teach something about the height of heels and the diaphanous quality of silk hosiery, and it may aid in abolishing those queer looking instruments of torture which mere man only glimpses occasionally as he passes some of the more daring of the dry goods shops.

There is much too much falsity about

the modern woman, most of it due to millinery, and many a poor man is heart-broken to discover how much of his true love has been wasted on mere inert millinery, and how little on the wife of his bosom. With the advent of the College of Millinery, let us hope there is to be ushered in an era of reform.

Well, if the Illinois people like men like J. O'Neill Brown, those are the kind of politicians she likes.

Decreased Consumption of Meat.

The Washington Herald in a recent editorial said: What was a fad threatens to become a change in national taste. Many who tried the experiment of getting along without meat, substituting other food values in their diet, have found the result eminently satisfactory. Physicians declare that among the families they visit, the decrease in the consumption of meat has become marked.

When a year ago the price of meat soared so high as to place it out of the reach of families with small incomes, a movement against its use was started, and a number of newspapers published lists of foods that served as good substitutes for meat at a much smaller cost.

At the time the movement was regarded as an absurd experiment or agitation, and the meat packers sneered at it; but it appears that the experiment has not proved a failure.

The New York Journal of Commerce declares that the anti-meat movement has been successful. It says the smaller packers are feeling the contraction of trade more severely, and their complaints are becoming more pronounced from week to week. "The most conspicuous factor in the present situation," it adds, "because it is likely to be more lasting, is the pro rata decrease in consumption."

It is also said in the restaurants of New York the use of meat for breakfast has practically ceased, and families that formerly had meat twice or three times a day now have it only once a day, and find that they have not suffered in any way by cutting down the consumption. The era of high prices, it seems, has served to show the people that there are some things they can do without and still find life enjoyable.

In Washington there is a great reduction in the amount of meat used by families, and there is said to be a consequent improvement in health, as attested by physicians.

This is the way to solve the problem of the high price of meat. Use less of it.

Will it be Bwana Tumbo at the Saratoga convention?

State Legislatures.

A gentleman of the name of Kenny, who is engaged in business at Grafton, W. Va., has just been nominated for a seat in the legislature of his State. In a letter accepting the nomination he makes this statement:

"The office of representative in the legislature is one that any citizen should be willing to occupy, and while it is true that my candidacy for the office will require the sacrifice of time that should be given to my private business affairs, it is also true that the opportunity to do good by the accomplishment of honest legislation and the decrease of the people's taxes ought to be considered remuneration for any man's time."

That statement calls to mind the time when United States Senators would resign their commissions in order to accept office as a member of their State legislature. That was in the days of State rights, however, and the practice is no longer fashionable. As a result, the contrast between the legislature of those days and the legislature of to-day is most marked. Now the halls of State law-making bodies are crowded with men of three distinct types—those who have axes to grind, those who are crooked and are looking for graft, and young attorneys in search of fame.

Experienced business men who would make valuable legislators hold aloof from becoming candidates. The conduct of the affairs of a State is, after all, nothing more than the management of a large business concern, to wit: The people incorporated. Yet the proper men often refuse to become allied with politics, for to them the honor of the office is nothing, and because of the low salaries that prevail in most States their holding office would mean an actual outlay on their part of expense money.

If we had in our State legislatures more sound and honest business men, we would have a better Federal Senate; demagogues would be fewer; corrupt practices less prevalent, and taxes would be lower, because the government would be conducted more economically.

The West Virginian here quoted shows a proper spirit, and one that should be imitated.

An English aviator won all the prizes at the Boston airship meet. May there not be a useful hint here for Sir Thomas Lipton?

A Boston clergyman calls Newport "the vestibule of hades." But there are an awful lot of people waiting on the porch.

Louisville is to have a large hoop factory. We hope this means the end of the hobble skirt.

It is announced that Portland cement is to be cheaper. But how does that affect the price of eggs?

Yes; it really begins to look as if Georgia might go Democratic, too.

One rather wishes that the Outlook would publish its circulation figures.

Ninety-one—that takes us back to 1819. Wasn't it in 1790 that Franklin died?

It is not likely that aviation will detract from interest in football. It will soon be too cold to fly.

Conductor on a New York traction line broke his arm ringing up fares. This is another premium placed on dishonesty.

Among other things that are going up in price is paint. So it is going to be little more expensive to paint the town red.

Even if Judge Landis does fine the beef barons, who are going to collect the money—the same men who collected that fine from the Standard Oil Company?

The war that San Francisco is waging against rats has nothing to do with those funny thing worn by the girls.

A prisoner in a Missouri penitentiary is being slowly ossified by the hookworm. He is probably, in other words, becoming a hardened criminal.

Trinity Church, New York, announces with pride that it has torn down 153 tenement shacks from which it used to derive revenue. And yet they say that muskraking does no good.

Curious, is it not? Senator Burton now admits that the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill has some defects.

CHAT OF THE FORUM.

Insurgency.
From the Philadelphia Record.
Insurgency is not a programme, but a state of mind.

To Be Borne In Mind.
From the Springfield Union.
This talk about race outside in Hawaii seems to suggest what to do with one of our former Presidents.

Is It Roxy or Saffron?
From the Louisville Courier-Journal.
Senator Dewey says "the outlook is roxy." Possibly. But some of us who have recently been reading the Outlook have thought it a wee bit yellow.

The Man Who Dares.
From the San Antonio Express.
"The world is waiting for the man who dares," was written some time ago. The world is no longer waiting. The man may be said to have arrived.

Bound for Fossiloid.
From the Troy Press.
Charles Evans Hughes will retire from office in less than a month to make the seat in the Supreme Court of the United States an asylum for "honored but fossilized" jurists, according to the turbulent Terry.

Champ Clark and His Rainbow.
From the Philadelphia Ledger.
Others may discount the news from Maine, but Champ Clark already catches the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. He has confirmed his order for the Missouri mules, and is at work on the list of the new House members.

President Taft.
From the Philadelphia Ledger.
He will not read men out of the party; he will not attempt to make the laws; he will not overrule the Supreme Court; he will never fence strife between classes nor evoke the passions of that mob which it is easier to arouse than to subdue. He will simply do his duty as President, enforce the laws, and stand by his country.

Alphabetical.
From the New York Times.
If you should love a summer girl, Don't ever let her go. Unless you wish your head awhirl It's best to let her B.

And if you love a summer girl, Don't ever let her go. Set your poor foolish brain awhirl, But let her C you're Y's.

And should you love a summer girl— It has been done before. Remember your head's awhirl. She'll cost you many Y's.

If you should love a summer girl, You'd surely be a J. Just first a day, then run away, And so you'll be O. K.

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ANANIAS.
I called a man a liar, he punched me in the eye, so to speak; And I acted like a Christian, and I turned the other cheek. Then he sprang clear off the platform and grabbed me by the wrist.

And gave me one infuriated jolt. And impertinent he called me, and it's raised an awful fog. Now my fighting arm's disabled, and my spirit's on the hog; And my dignity's lashed and torn, and my rap's out of repair.

Because I said he'd lied 'bout the paying of the fare. And a T. R. on my forehead, which will haunt me like a ghost, And went of all I'm a member of the Ananias Club.

ANYBODY SEEN IT?
Has anybody seen a long, blood-red, flaming necktie heaving down Pennsylvania avenue with Col. Joyce hitched on behind? L. B. G.

Read the Bingville Bugle to-morrow.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

WASTED EFFORT.
The playwright, ere his work is done, Is always keen To put his final touches on The final scene.

And yet this work, as like as not, Is labor lost; The final scene becomes a blot; A chilling frost.

The final scene we seldom view; The end is flat. Some girl selects that moment to Adjust her hat.

An Important Point.
"Well, have you learned anything from your experiment at making a garden?" "Yes; I have learned not to promise any one any vegetables."

His Reason.
"Are you going on the straw ride?" "No." "Why not?" "I went on a straw ride once."

End of the Season.
"Why are Mrs. Wombat and Mrs. Woggs enemies? Their husbands are friendly." "That's just the trouble. Mrs. Wombat's husband sent her a hard-luck poker story, while Mrs. Woggs's husband sent her \$50."

In Our Boarding-house.
The parlor socialists declare And roundly state That we must all our gossip share. Won't that be great?

Indispensable.
"You might play Shakespeare without scenery," remarked Yorick Hamm.

No Praline.
"Here are some verses my boy has written to a fringed gentian." "What about 'em?" "Would you have them printed?" "I would consider it reasonably safe," answered the cautious friend. "I see nothing libelous in them."

After a Meal.
"The doctors say not to go into the ocean after a meal." "I couldn't eat water-melon rinds."

THE JUDGE SCORES.

Several lawyers in a Southern city were discussing the merits and demerits of a well-known member of the bar who had been gathered to his fathers when one of the party related an incident of the time when he had studied in the old man's office.

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Boggs—Yes. At the close of their banquet last evening each guest was presented with a solid wooden toothpick.

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"How do you know?" "I have looked through his pockets at night and never found a cent."

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TO-DAY IN HISTORY.

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Birthday of Marco Polo—September 17.

The Venetians, great travelers as they were, did not place implicit faith in the stories of Marco Polo. They thought he related fabulous tales. It is now realized that he was an exceptional voyager, with a mind keen for impressions, and eyes trained to note the most minute things.

Marco Polo was born in Venice on September 17, 1252. His family was of noble rank, with their name in the "Book of Gold" and a seat in the great council of the Venetian republic. His father, Nicolo Polo, and a brother went for commercial ventures in the East, and were the first European travelers to enter China.

Nicolo was married, and when he returned to Venice he found that his wife had died, but Marco, his son, was a promising youth of fifteen years.

After carrying out several important commissions the brothers went back to the East and took Marco with them. So began his remarkable experience in travel. When Marco reached the court of the great Khan of Shantung he was twenty-one. He set himself to mastering the languages used about the court and in official business, and the Kubla Khan found him so bright and gifted with so much discretion that he began to give him small commissions in the public service.

In the Chinese annals there is a record of the year 1271 in which a Polo, probably Marco, was made agent for the imperial council.

Marco told the Khan stories of the country and people wherever his travels as agent took him; and the Khan expressed the liveliest interest in all these, and often spoke of the useful stupidity of commissioners, who knew absolutely nothing but their official business.

This made Marco more careful to remember interesting facts, and he began to keep note-books. The Khan rewarded Marco by giving him still more important foreign missions, and allowing him to make changes in the office in the kingdom. For three years at one period he was governor of the large city of Yangchow.

His father and uncle were, in the

meantime, busy gaining wealth, and in 1293 the three went back to Venice. Some years after this Marco Polo was taken prisoner by the Genoese, and it was through his captivity that we have the valuable stories of his travels. In the prison at Genoa was a man from Pisa who had a taste for writing and had rewritten some of the old French romances. He persuaded Marco to relate his stories to him, and he wrote them down, in reality at dictation.

Marco Polo married into the Loredano family of Venice, one of the proudest in the republic. In the library of St. Mark, where so many treasures are preserved, there is the last will and testament of this notable son of Venice. The date is January 9, 1324, and he asked to be buried in the Church of San Lorenzo, where he had erected a tomb for his father. This family tomb was destroyed in 1552, when the church was rebuilt.

Some years ago there was found in Venice a catalogue of the curiosities and valuable articles in the House of Marino Fallero, the one and only Duke who was a traitor to the republic. In this catalogue are a good many things that Marco Polo gave to some member of the Fallero family.

One of the Venetian hotels lays claim to having been the residence of the traveler, and his bust adorns the house. In the valuable library at Ferrara, Italy, they have a rare collection of the earliest editions of Marco Polo's travels.

On September 17, 1297, the new Constitution of the United States was drafted. The battle of Antietam ended in 1862. To-day is the birthday of Samuel Hopkins, the distinguished American theologian (1721); William Shaw, Earl Cathcart (1755); John Brough, editor and governor of Ohio (1811); Maj. Gen. Earl van Dorn, of the Confederate army (1829); Lucius Q. C. Lamar, Secretary of the Interior (1825); and James R. Haskell, who invented the first breech-loading cannon (1835). It is the date of the death of Philip IV of Spain (1665), and Walter Savage Landor, the English poet and writer (1864).

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